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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO —
How oft, alas! How oft in vain,
Thy fading strength I would not see,
But hoped that time would heal each pain,
And health again be given to thee;
False hope! death's line is on thy face,
And languid grows each outward grace.

For thee the flowers of spring may shoot,
For thee the suns may shed their light,
But long ere autumn sheds its fruit
Like those bright flowers, thou'lt disappear,
And I shall linger, sad and lone,
When thy soul-cherish'd form is gone.
That thou, so beautiful, and good!
That thou, in youth shouldst fade away,
Like shrinking flower, in stricken bud,
Ere all its beauties up'd to day,
Alas! my bosom will complain,
Thou' murmuring is as weak, as vain.

How oft when fancy's glowing tints
Were on the future brightly cast,
Like love's own hue, which no imprints
Its rays colour on the past,
I look'd for years of joy with thee,
Which now, alas, can never be.

Yet when thy form reposes 'neath
The dew of heaven, how sweet 'twill seem,
To linger near the home of death,
And of thine absent spirit dream!
Thine absent spirit! no, where I
Remain, thy spirit may be nigh.

Soul soothing thought! that those who love
Should all our scenes of woe and bliss,
Should kindly leave a purer sphere,
And sympathize with us on this:
Should round us hover, tho' unseen,
Vail'd by a spiritual screen.

This thought shall resignation bring,
Thou' joy again I ne'er may know;
I'll thank thee for thy parting
In kindness round my path below—
In vain death's dews heart from heart,
Souls once united, never part. FRANCIS.

ERIN
When the Maker establish'd the pillars of earth,
And the fire-mantled stars o'er the firmament roll'd;
The Island of Genius, and cradle of worth,
At the smile of the thunderer, burst into birth,
Mid the blue-breasted waters all created with gold.
To her mountains, pavilion'd in azure, were borne
The cooliest balm of the light-pinion'd breeze,
That sigh'd o'er her gold-washing oceans of corn,
Thro' valleys where Flora had emptied her horn,
And was cooled by the silver-stoled nymph of the foun-
tain.

He looked on his Island, "and saw it was good,"
And moulded a man to inhabit the land,
He formed his gaunt muscles, and bones, and a
head.

He pour'd round his heart of the gallantest blood,
That ever had stream'd from the work of his hand.
He melted the supple to roll in his eye,
And he girded his quick-rolling eye ball with fire,
He composed his fine breath of the spices that lie
In the meadow's pure balm, and the Zephyr's
first sigh.

He call'd o'er the war field, or melt o'er the lyre.
In the bright fire of heaven, his spirit he cast,
While the visions of fancy died radiance around,
And the halo of genius, and garland of taste,
Like the smile of the sun in refugence enshrou'd,
The heaven-born soul of the Irishman bound.

JERUSALEM.

CREATION—AN ODE.
Thou calm bright sky!
I like to gaze upon thy vast expanse;
Studded with "shining worlds" that all enhance,
Our love for the Most High.
And teach the wonders of His hand,
Above—around—on sea and land.
I love to view the moon so bright,
Shedding her silvery rays of light,
O'er the wide earth;
Riding thro' that celestial valley,
By stars illum'd, like a rich galaxy.
The fleecy clouds, around thee seen,
Reflecting each radiant beam.
He gave them birth.

Earth! parent of mankind!
In thee, what wonders man may find!
The mighty forests, mountains rise,
Whose summits seem to woo the skies,
The dread volcano—all combine,
To teach us still those wonders are thine.

All earth! I love—and boundless sea,
Vast—there is beauty when I see
On which I like to gaze!
Even when storms the billows raise,
In angry foam, to mountain height,
Although the sea at times may fright,
Yet bids us hymn the power
Of Him whose hand, on tempests sway,
Guides the vivid lightning's play—
This is the ocean's hour of fear,
But there's a time when it can cheer,
The souls of those whose homes are on its way.

When calm, like some smooth mirror seeming,
The golden sun upon it beams,
At noon, when he doth seem to rise,
From an ocean bed, to greet the skies.

All nature is sublime—earth, sea and sky;
Unfold rich wonders, to the mortal eye—
The simple flowers, forests, wide and green,
In all, the hand of the divine, is seen;
The boundless ocean, and the earth's green
bow,
Attest the work of an Almighty Power.

TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy soft and shadowy ray
Fair goddess of the still night;
Thou' paler than the orb of day,
Thine unobtrusive, tranquil light,
We welcome thee, as one whose beam,
Can far more grateful him impart,
To gild the fond enthusiast's dream,
And soothe pale sorrow's aching heart.

Mild orb! why leads thy gentle power
A charm, which brighter day denies,
And why is every moonlight hour
More dear than all his sunny skies?
Why do we leave the haunts of mirth,
To muse and sigh at eve with thee?
And fly the gayest scenes of earth,
To wonder lone, in "fancy free."

'Tis midnight—from the deep blue sky
Some scatter'd stars are twinkling now,
While the soft radiance of thee eves,
Plays round my couch and sleepless brow;
Let others prize Aurora's dawn;
And revel in the gaudy day—
But give me the starry night,
And softer Luna's silvery ray. SYLVIA.

Princeton, January 12th.

THE GENTLEMAN MISSING.

"A sphere study." Horat.
"Youth will be fools as what we will,
And tuncals will be tuncals still."

Flight has saved individuals both in love
and in war, although the remedy seems to
be weak and feeble, rather than to
argue fortitude and circumspection. "Seek
safety in flight," said Lady Prudentia Ponder
to her lovely niece, Lady Virginia Platter,
when importuned by the forward addresses of
a rake in very high life. "Withdrew from
the scene of temptation," wrote the best of
wives to her vacillating husband, Fitzmorn,
when entangled in all the pleasures of a Paris
life, making, gambling, revelling, &c. A
well-conducted retreat, even in a military
point of view, is a masterly operation; but
my reader will be able to judge for himself in
the present instance. Poyntz Sydney was a
member of a certain club in St. James's street;
he belonged to the Savoir vivre, the Union
club, the Thatched House, the Philharmonic,
the Beef Steak Club, and the *de no man qua*.
Besides having a share in a box at the Opera,
and subscribing to a score of institutions, as
assemblies, and meetings, the Argyle concerts,
coteries, &c. &c. he always passed for a man
of some talent, and merited the name of an
elegant scholar. These qualities were pass-
ports to the first company, and procured him
popularity which he maintained steadily and
respectably. In his dress and address, his
house, carriage, horses, establishment and ap-
pointments, everything was consistent, and
in good style and keeping; on which account
the strangers to economy of his acquaintance
set down for immensely rich; and his regu-
larity, attested by his banker's and trades-
men's books, gave him general credit, which,
had he been dishonourable enough to abuse,
he might have pushed to a very considerable
extent. Grave, good-natured, and well-
bred, he offended none; if he won at play
he preserved the utmost composure; if he lost,
there was not a disordered or de-
ranged line in his countenance; he was
unassuming among his equals, and per-
fectly at his ease amidst courtiers and sup-
porters, excellencies, graces, lordships, and
statesmen; this, especially, however, could
not exist, for there are always weak
minds enough to wish a man down to their
own level of grovelling passions and worth-
lessness.

Year followed year, finding my friend in
the same prosperous circumstances, and in the
same station and circle; all on a sudden, how-
ever, he disappeared from the drawing-room,
the clubs, the concerts, theatres, and places
of public resort; his carriage was missed in
Pall Mall and St. James's Street; his horses
were no longer led up and down facing what
was Queen's Hotel, his share of the opera box
was not let to a guard grenadier, who was
much more welcome to the right honorable
widow joint proprietress, than the calm and
serious Sydney. His name was taken out of
all the club and society books before men-
tioned; in short, "non est inventus" was the gen-
eral outcry. I furnished a striking lesson to
listen to the hints and surmises, the innuendos
and good-natured remarks of his former in-
timates, at Bootle's, the Savoir vivre, &c.

"Well, for my part," cried Sir Matthew
Martingale, "I always foretold that Sydney
was not *staying*, but that he would burst
some day, all his affected calmness at play;
his contempt of bad luck, his cool, unflinching
air—I knew that it could not last. It is now
I wish that he had told me before I lost the
last two hundred to him." "By Jove," in-
genuitely fell out Lord Tubercule, "what
the *scoundrel* did to me at last! I consider myself
his horse, and his yellow tail, (an important
term of contempt for his character) he had one
decent black horse, but his tail (Goddings!)
Well, I'm glad that old silver sides is done
up." "Quand a moi," observed an assiduously
concocted *Gentleman*, "I thought you would
only regret his rank, (general application),
the *collettes* on his *Savoir vivre*, the *de no man qua*,
the *regiment* on his *Champion*, I always
(yawning) thought Sydney a posing con-
noisseur, who bowed us to death with his clas-
sical, and his long stories." This passed in St.
James's street, at the club-house door.

At the French play, the news of his retreat
was received with uplifted eyebrows, elevat-
ed shoulders, smiles of gratified envy, and with
the most liberal observations. "Ruined for a
ducat!" and Colonel Callousheart (his East
Indian complexion lighting up with a ray of
naive pleasure) "Both, he played the
game well, he must have hit a few of them;
no doubt but the banker, and the coach-maker,
the wine merchant, confectioner, and club
waiters will have cause to remember him; a
demure smiler! Why, Bob Backhand, had he
procured him a thousand any day." "And
his honour's tailor would be able to take
measure for *navarre*," innuendoed into conver-
sation Sir Benjamin Benares, the borough
broker, who, having made his money in the
stock of usury, could not bear to see a rival in in-
dependence, which the knight himself had earn-
ed by early labours in a hostile climate, and
by subsequent monopoly, commercial
maneuvers.

"You are pleased to be witty, Sir Benjamin," sweet-
ly replied a member of parliament, and
neighbor of his; "if you had talked of a 'new
way to pay old debts,' or rather an old way
to pay old debts, you would have been more
correct, and would not have merited to be
called to order. We have all of us dined and
supped with the poor devil often enough; and
I believe on a balance, I have a few hundred

pounds of his money won at whist, where he
just *en valait pas la chandelle*, for I hate whist
and moderate play; but there is nothing strange in
all this; *fellows* of small fortune will not *keep*
into the first circle, and they must pay dear
for it; banishment on the continent, or the
rules of a prison, this is their only choice."

At the Opera, nearly the same vein of kind-
ness and liberality ran through all his *soi-disant*
friends and intimate acquaintance. Lady
Kalendar assured her circle that he was exting-
uished for ever, his lights were put out,
never could he harangue the *amateurs* on
party, nor take share in the discussions of the
library meetings at H— house; he owed (she
happily asserted) a hundred thousand pounds,
and his house and furniture must come to the
hammer—"Robins for ever!" exclaimed in an
ecstasy the spinster Lady Barbara Bane—"I
shall get all his old China French clocks,
and the antique cabinet. What a pretty busi-
ness it would have been, had not his forbidding
fidelity disgusted me, when I thought him a
respectable person, and set my cap at him!" Even Parson Philperphage, who owed
him numerous obligations, confessed that he
had views on his library. At length doctor
Dirtywork stepped in, and assured the party
that he would ascertain every circumstance of
his *recess*, and would bring all particulars to
the duchess of Dampshire's "at home," the
next night at twelve—"Remember twelve!"
sighed out Lady Barbara (Barbarous I had nearly
written) whilst the furies hissed *oppresso* in
the ballet of Don Juan. The curtain dropped,
but the thirst for scandal kept open the wak-
ing eye of gentle Lady Bab.

The Dutchess was "at home," and the in-
teresting hour of twelve arrived, when the
doctor made his way through a crowded as-
semblage of rank and fashion, and gained the
spot where Lady Barbara was sitting, surround-
ed by a rare set of fine stallions, and reputa-
tion clippers and leeches. "Well, dear doctor,
what about the runaway?" was articulated
simultaneously by the tabby and spinster
tribe. "Sailed for Calais in an open boat, I'll
be a hundred," interrupted one, whilst Lady
Bab sat tapping her feet and fan with anxiety
to hear the worst—"An execution in the
house!" exclaimed a divorced dame who had
turned nurse—"Come doctor, out with it!"

"Why, ladies," cried the cross-faded doctor,
"I never was disappointed in my life, after
making all possible inquiries, he does not owe
a shilling in the world." "Impossible!"
screamed Lady Bab. "He has five hundred
pounds in his banker's hands." "Frightful!"
cried her grace. "His horses are at grass,
and his carriage is sent to be painted (he has
only discharged two servants."—"Prodigious!"
said the parson—"The rest being on board-
wards, except one whom he has taken with
him, and lastly, his house is not to be let."

"Nor his books to be sold!" mournfully ac-
cented the Reverend—"But where did his
servant say he was gone?" inquired Miss Cas-
sandra. "Whither?" "Only into the coun-
try," answered the doctor—"And for how long?"
"His domesticks could not tell." "Oh! I see
through it all!" resumed lady Barbara, "it is all a false display, the man is
in the rules of the Bench, but the general
blow-up has not yet come, and matters are
kept snug and quiet for a time." "All the
ladies looked full of hope, as did Colonel Cal-
lousheart, and Sir Benjamin, who joined the
doctor. "No, no," replied the doctor, "for I
made inquiries both at the Fleet and at the
Bench."

"How good of you!" muttered I to
myself, overawed by that prodigy. "What
can have become of him," said two or three of
the faded fair ones in unison and harmony to-
gether for the first time? "Nothing so sim-
ple," observed Lord Tubercule, in a consoling
tone, "the man has gaming debts that are not
generally known, or some d—n even chance or
other, and he has drowned himself!"—This
remark convinced them all—"Poor silly fel-
low!" quoth Lady Bab—"No wonder!" ut-
tered her neighbor. "I am sorry for it," said
Miss Cassandra with a smile in her eye, for she
had borrowed fifty pounds of him—"Finally,"
reported Sir Benjamin, "all was circulated
in every quarter the next morning."
Month followed month, and he was forgotten
by those who had flattered and fed at his ex-
pense the most; but his unexpected return
changed not only the face of affairs, but many
other faces.

At the close of one year my friend returned;
he had made the tour of England; yet, from
the change in the mode of his life, and the
diminution of his expenses, he found himself
with half-year's income before him, besides
the five hundred pounds in his banker's hands,
his health was invigorated, in consequence of
regular hours, pure country air, greatly in-
creased exercise, and extensive variety of
scene; he felt his mind collected from the
absence of dissipation, and the effect which
the renovated body produced thereon. His
house was painted and thoroughly cleaned,
his cattle were reposed and brought into regu-
lar exercise for his use, and he enjoyed the
ease which the cessation of thundering knocks
at his door, from idlers and card-droppers, ef-
fected. Nobody expected him, and he war-
ned off his domesticks not to announce his arrival
until he should give them orders to do so.

A literary work which he had a mind to sup-
port and embark in, however, made it neces-
sary for him to send to me, and I failed not to
inform him how *kind his friends* had been in his
absence. "It is little more than I expected,"
observed he; I saw through a number of
treacherous acquaintances, base sycophants,
and insipid guests," continued he. "I began
to be aware that most of them only sought my
society for what they could get of me, or asked
me to swell the book of numbers. I have
been long since tired of dissipated male com-
panions, of flattery, gaming and gossiping
feminines, of painted faces, and false tresses,
and of false hearts, and the most disreputable
features of the mind; of the enormous expen-
ses of the clubs, and irrationality of living of
the circle in which I moved, and lastly of fol-
ly and imprudence which one must be neces-
sarily meeting with in such company. I have
cut all the clubs, and shall get rid of all my
visitors, except about half-a-dozen, ending our
acquaintance with the last exchange of cards,
which shall not take place, on my part, until
one month after receiving theirs, nor shall I
forget to apply to Miss Cassandra for the money
which she owes me, nor to make Sir Matthew
Martingale pay me the two hundred pounds
which he said he had lost to me, but asserted
falsely that I had received. I will not con-
tinue to be a friendly informer of all this dis-
reputable, but the actors in the plot shall read
contempt on my brow, and disgust towards
them, by my shaking off their society."

He kept his promise and received with cold-
ness and disdain the fulsome compliments of
"Dear me—how well you look!"—"Where
have you been?" How unkind not to let us
know something about you!—A trip to Paris,
no doubt; a tour to the classic ground of Rome,

&c.—Are we indebted to a love affair, or the
mere love of romantic retirement for missing
one of our best friends?" All this was replied to
with coldness and that penetrating look which
appals guilt; and at last the delinquents slip-
ped away from him, drove round corners, can-
tered briskly on perceiving him, looked into
shop windows, and played the other side and
humiliating tricks of those who are ashamed
to encounter the honest front of the man whom
they have betrayed and calumniated; the
delinquents, although not cured of that execra-
ble vice, left, nevertheless, little in their own
eyes, whenever Sydney appeared before them.

The *gossamer* lost a good table, the parson
missed a kind friend, and the doctor lost a pa-
tient; whilst he, returned from retirement,
found his fortune suffice for every reasonable
expense, leaving him, at the same time, an
ample fund for acts of glowing charity, which
brought with them their own reward, and made
him regret that such sums had been formerly
diverted into another channel. Nor did the
Gentleman Missing spend his time and money
in dissipation; he had made the tour of
Europe, as a part of his education, and he
confined his travels on this occasion to his
own native land; first from a patriotic prin-
ciple, and next for the purpose of seeing many
parts of England and Scotland till then un-
known to him, and the beauties and curiosi-
ties of which he had formed a high opinion.

It seems certainly strange that so many Eng-
lishmen who have travelled extensively abroad,
should remain ignorant to the end of their
lives of the curious and romantic scenery at
home, and wholly unacquainted with the local
and history of their native and neighbor-
ing spots. The lakes and mountains, the
caverns, and richly cultivated tracts of land
in England, and the sister kingdoms, together
with their local and mineralogical, and geo-
logical histories, are most interesting to a Brit-
on; and it must be humiliating to him, from
time to time, to meet with strangers better in-
formed on these subjects than himself. The
utility and pleasure of these researches and
pursuits were obvious to my friend, after his
disappearing from the haunts of extravagance,
and the remembrance of the battles of freedom
which he acquired of the book of man by his
stratagem was immediately advantageous to him.

A number of those who waste their for-
tunes and constitutions in Winters in London,
and who are forced, from their evil effects, to
expatriate themselves, to the detriment of
their own interests, and of those of their num-
erous creditors, would take a lesson from
the Gentleman who was only missing for so
short a time, the state of the country would
be more prosperous, and (in the event of their
having dipped their estates) they would more
easily retrieve their losses, than from the ex-
cesses of folly and expense at home, for
expense and folly abroad, added (most prob-
ably) to the degradation of national char-
acter, and, perhaps, to the inhabiting of a
numerous French or German prison, far from
the sympathies, assistance, and accommoda-
tion which they might experience amongst
Britons, which they ought never to lose sight
of, and which are always to be found by those
who merit them.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

"On the banks of the far-famed Brandywine
which empties its peaceful waters into the
Delaware, and whose soil first drank the blood
of the gallant La Fayette, stood a neat little
cottage which had lifted its humble roof to the
shores of more than forty winters. The happy
inmates, blest with all that life could bestow,
had almost forgotten the injuries which their
ancestors had received from the hands of
an oppressive people when they were fre-
quently to plant the church in the lonely wil-
derness. Time, with his magic wand, had
brushed away those tempestuous clouds which
had originated in the bosom of superstition
and bigotry, and had shed the sunshine of
hope on the altar of despair. Though the
hand of desolation still waved the sceptre over
this asylum of wretchedness, yet the mind in
its fruitful resources, sought contentment
in the pleasing interchange of a greater for a
lesser evil. Such is human nature. The least
remotest from misery is construed into a great
proportion of happiness, and hope never
fails to exaggerate the last-naming prospect—
such were the feelings of the family of Eden-
field. A happy party, indeed they were, blest
with one son, a youth who had arrived at his
twentieth year, full of vigour, with an intellect
aspiring. Education had imbibed in his view
the trophies of art, of science and philosophy,
watched from the destructive influence of
ages and empires, which his eagle-eyed mind
surveyed with emotions peculiar to him-
self. His aged parents looked upon him with
delight, and the tears of joy often rolled down
their furrowed cheeks. Experience ever re-
vived the powers of judgment in directing the
youth in the path of true happiness, and had
shown him the snares and temptations which
abound in human life. He labored with an
attentive ear. His object was happiness—
He surveyed the prospect over which yet so
many tumblers and swindlers had rolled, and
in his pleasing dreams of future greatness his
senses were imperceptibly attracted by the
fading palmy of pleasure. He beheld him-
self, with tender triumph, in the golden
characters inscribed with the pencil of immor-
tality on her temple, and he surveyed the
laurels which she held in her hand with a
cautious but envious glance. And when
imagination usurped the prerogative of reason,
he discovered himself wielding the gleaming
sword in battle, or dashing more potent laws
on an injured nation. But his mind in all these
hallucinations was seeking happiness, and he
looked forward with enthusiasm for the day
which should mould the anarchy of parental
authority, and give him the free agency to
seek the object of his wishes. The time ar-
rived, and with it the field of action. At that
important and never to be forgotten period of
America, the chains were unlocked from the
Lion of England, and the spirit of vengeance
and persecution which had been sleeping in
the cradle of exiled innocence was roused and
renewed with double fury. The clouds of
prejudice and tyranny were spreading far along
the western world, and the sons of America,
beheld them with awe, but not with fear—
Edenfield was young and unaccustomed to the
tumult of war, but he was brave. His heart
beat high with valor, and his enterprising
spirit languished for the opportunity of
committing some deed which might enroll his
memory in the archives of fame, and gild his
name on eternity's car.

After a period had elapsed, and his parents
whom he loved and venerated were silently
laid in the dust, Edenfield gained a commis-
sion in the army which had planted the bau-

ner of freedom and the bulwark of destruction.
His martial soul gloried in the cause which led
him to take up arms against his fellow man,
and his gallant conduct as he dashed along
the lines in battle, stimulating his brave com-
rades to victory or death, won him the meed of
applause. His name became associated with
honor, and the fire of his ambition was height-
ened into a flame of the warmest regard for his
bleeding country. But his military achieve-
ments and intrepid bravery were not more ad-
mired, than his humane tenderness was be-
loved; when the din of strife was over, for a brave
heart seems the cruelty which cowardice in-
flicts upon the helpless. The eye which be-
held him lifted above the heads of the con-
tending hosts shouting courage in the ears of
his dauntless countrymen, often danced with
delight at his noble exploits; and the same eye
could not restrain its tears of tenderness when
it witnessed his generosity to the fallen foe.

But his fame was not yet complete. The
scenes of his childhood, in whose shade he
had reposed at noon in the morning of his
youth, was destined to support the conflict
which should crown him with the perennial
roses of fame, or bury all his former prospects
in the dust. Busy thought was awake in the
mind of Edenfield the night preceding, and
hope and fear alternately held the ascendancy.
This was a conflict more terrible than
even the din of battle. It was the battle of
the mind. He beheld the sun arise which
was to set upon his triumph, or cast a glimmer-
ing ray upon his solitary grave. The recol-
lection which his natal stage inspired, and the
remembrance of the many happy moments
which he had enjoyed upon the bosom of his
father's heart, and cast a melancholy glow
over his mind; but when he beheld the brave
Pulaski at his side, challenging him for the
honors of the day, the reminiscences of child-
hood were forgotten, and the feelings of the
soldier became paramount to filial affection.

The battle commenced, and bloody was the
contest. The haughty foe fell like ripe wheat
under the waters of the Brandywine assumed
the crimson hue. Edenfield was seen in the
midst surrounded with smoke and fire. Brit-
ish thunder shook the battlements of freedom
close to his heart, and cast a melancholy glow
over his mind; but when he beheld the brave
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Thus he who sought for happiness through
the medium of fame, continued in the perils
struggle for independence, until the clouds
of war were dissipated by the returning sun-
shine of peace, and prosperity dawned upon
the infant cradle of liberty. But happiness
did not dawn upon the mind of Edenfield,
though his brows were bound with the wreaths
of conquest. In the deliberate moments of
reason and reflection, he found that the war-
rior's laurels had been dipped in blood; and
that his page of history was blotted with the
tears of the widow and the orphan. The
burst of passion was over, the flames of desire
had died upon the altar of the heart, enthu-
siasm had sunk into apathy, and he discovered
to his astonishment that fame was but a breath,
a nightmare of imagination; and that happi-
ness did not reside in the breast of the hero—
He rejoiced in the prosperity of his country,
but he perceived himself far from being hap-
py. To fill up the vacancy which now oc-
cupied his mind, he gave way to the allurement
of pleasure, but he soon discovered that in
gathering the blushing roses of enjoyment, he
was lacerated by the poignant thorns of dis-
content. He was convinced that happiness
could not be obtained by the gratification of
the senses, and imagined that a spiritual
world could alone bestow it. Fortune soon
rewarded her golden jewels in his lap, but
she had lost his love and his heart. His
bubble, an Alchymy of the imagination, which
could not convert his dissipated into hap-
piness. Perpetrated and discomfited he walked
his splendid hall, ambulated the open fields,
or reposed upon the voluptuous couch of in-
dolence. A ray of satisfaction would occasion-
ally dart into his mind, but it was obliterated
by the idea that it was transient. Like the
cloud which is illuminated with lightning for a
moment, his mind closed intended darkness.

At length Edenfield resolved to travel and
store his mind with knowledge, which he
fondly conceived would inspire to him the re-
spect of the world, and infuse happiness into
his mind, but he did not reflect that he
had lost his love and his heart. His
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genius, imagination thundered in his ears the
sublime eloquence of Demosthenes, and the
majestic strains of Homer who sang the wrath of
Pelceus' son.

Thus Edenfield rambled in the warm pur-
suit of happiness, but he found not the content
which contained the jewel. He contemplated
the flowery scenes of Italy, the monuments of
immortal fame which adorn the dreary land of
Greece, the lofty magnificence of the pyra-
mids of Egypt; but his bosom now sighed for
his native land. In France he received the
civilities of the great, and in England of the
learned; but fame, pleasure, wealth and
learning had never instilled that joyful con-
tinent into his mind, which he had experi-
enced in the humble cottage. He returned
to his native country, and in a melancholy
moment determined to seek other happiness
no more, believing with the wise man that all
is vanity; that when all earthly hopes are
realized, satiety breaks the enchantment, and
disgust embitters the enjoyment.

In the hospitable city of Philadelphia, where
the gallant ship had landed him, he sought
amusement in the society of the polished and
the gay. Every eye in the assembly was
pleased with his martial manner and his gal-
lant address, but there was a bosom which
throbbed with an impulse unknown to any
other, and the language of his eye was the
transcript of love. It was she who had per-
vaded his gallant conduct after the battle of
Brandywine. In an oblique and delicate man-
ner she unfolded the circumstances of mystery
to him, and the happy Edenfield expressed
his gratitude of soul, through the medium
of the eyes; for he had long since been taught
the science of the heart. They loved natu-
rally. That tenderness which had so long reg-
ined in her bosom had become reciprocal, and
he owned in the moments of absence, that the
greenest laurel which graces the brow of fame
is prepared by the fair hand of woman, and
interwoven with her love. He now discover-
ed, that the loudest shouts of the tumultuous
multitude, the lavish economies of the learned,
and all the gaudy garlands of civil honor were
but trivial, in comparison, in bestowing ap-
probation of a lovely woman. In her affection
he placed all his hopes, and he was contented
seemed like a silent little world where all the
passions were at rest save that which had
bound his heart in silken chains.

Time passed smoothly along. The mind of
Edenfield, so far from being vacant, and so far
from being subjected to the numberless inqui-
tudes which originate in vacancy, was em-
ployed in the pleasing contemplation of the
charms of her whom he loved, and with the
happy idea of settling himself in life. How
pleasing are the hallucinations of the lover!—
He found that her presence was necessary to
his amusement, his happiness, and almost his
existence, and he was contented that her
amiable accomplishments would increase with
acquaintance. Influenced by these salutary
ideas, he opened the casket of his wishes to
the fair Ellen, which was sanctioned, and from
the performance of the ceremony Edenfield
dated his happiness.

From the city they retired to a delightful
and romantic spot in the country, and rejoiced
in the union of two souls so congenial to each
other. It was a common expression with
Edenfield that he had viewed human life on
every side, and that he had traced life through
a long and dreary path to happiness; but that
he had at length discovered the sylvas grove
and the genius which inhabited it. Imagination,
that magic lantern of the mind, had de-
picted many scenes in which happiness dwelt;
but the hope which he had indulged of dis-
covery then proved to be but his ignis fatuus
of fancy, the mere indulgence of a moon-day
dream. In their retired retreat, in this soli-
tude made gay and pleasing by the presence
of Ellen, he could ask for no more.

Thus they lived

[illegible]

